For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
vvhich hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenso*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

*Loren.* Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.

*Gra.* Well keepe me company but two yeeres moe
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

*An.* Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

*Gra.* Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates togue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*

*An.* It is that any thing now.

*Bass.* *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are as two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the search.

*An.* VVell, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage
That you to day promisd to tell me of.

*Bass.* Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
vvherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.





*An.* I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
vvithin the eye of honour, be assurd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proofe
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
vvhich you did shoote the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

*An.* You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To wind about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong
In making question of my vttermost
Then if you had made wast of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

*Bass.* In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
vvhich makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strond,